

next Sunday St. Thomas also went to church, and he saw and believed. Suppose he had stayed away because he did not believe the story of the Resurrection, would his doubts have been satisfied then? Then our Lord has promised to manifest Himself to those who show their love by obedience. Are you trying that plan of finding Him? St. John uses very plain language in speaking of those who profess to know God, and yet disobey Him: "He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar." He also says that we must love others, not only in word, but in "deed," and then we "know that we are of the truth." Are you trying that plan of finding Him?

"What! if thy way to faith in God Should lie through faith in Man!"

There is a great deal of talk in these days about "The Unknowable God," and men excuse their ignorance, and take no pains to cure it, saying that if there is a God He is too great and awful to be understood by human intelligence—and so He is. Theology is the grandest of all sciences, and there is no limit to it. It seems to me that the thought of immortality would be insupportable if we stopped short in our growth and knew everything there was to know as soon as we left earth behind us. God is infinite, and we must go on learning to know Him better through all eternity, and yet never know Him fully. Is not that a grand thought? "Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; Whom no man hath seen, nor can see."

If you cannot already say truly: "I know Whom I have believed"—know Him as a personal friend, although you only know in part—I beg you to go on seeking, and never give up until you find Him.

God will not work miracles to force belief on the minds of those who do not wish or intend to obey Him. He does not wish to put them into the awful position of the devils who, as St. James says, "believe and tremble," and go on hardening themselves in wickedness—sinning against knowledge. Herod was very glad to see Jesus because he was curious to see a miracle done by Him, but his curiosity was not gratified—the divine prisoner even refused to speak to him. It is the same to-day. God hides Himself in thick darkness from men who seek Him only out of vulgar curiosity, but those who, as Solomon says, seek as for silver or hid treasures, will, sooner or later, "find the knowledge of God."

"God is not dumb, that He should speak no more!

If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor!

There towers the Mountain of the Voice no less, Which whose seeks shall find, but he who bends

Intent on Manna still and mortal ends, Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore!"

HOPE.

### A Day in June.

By James Russell Lowell.

And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days; Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune.

And over it softly her warm ear lays; Whether we look or whether we listen, We hear life murmur or see it glisten; Every clod feels a stir of might, An instinct within it, that reaches and towers

And, grasping blindly above it for light, Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers; The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys; The cowslip startles in meadows green, The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean To be some happy creature's palace.



### How We Celebrated Empire Day.

#### PRIZE ESSAY.—CLASS II.

Two or three weeks before Empire Day, the teacher suggested that we should get up a picnic to celebrate Empire Day. We all thought that it would be a good plan, so we began at once to make preparations. Our teacher went to the owners of the land around the lake to see if we could have the grounds for Empire Day. We (the school children) got ready songs and recitations suitable for that day. We were all anxious for the day to come. In the morning the teacher and ourselves went to the lake to get tables, benches and such things fixed. After all the work was finished, we got ourselves in shape for the picnic. About half-past one the crowd began to gather. There being two large swings there, some had a swing, while others went for boat rides. They were enjoying themselves as best they could until about three o'clock or after. The programme began then. We had songs and recitations suitable for Empire Day, and speeches from some of the men on loyalty to our country. The last and best thing on the programme was a march. One of the organists of the church played the piano, while all the children formed in pairs and marched, singing "The Maple Leaf Forever"; as they marched, some of the children (one in every pair) held flags in their hands, and while the chorus was being sung, they would wave them. After they had finished the march, one of the boys called out, "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue"! It was then near teatime, so some of the young ladies went into the hall and got tea ready. We had a hearty meal. After that we all joined in playing some of the most common games. Before we left, we sang "God Save the King," thus ending the Empire Day.

MABEL GIFFEN (aged 12).  
Mayfield, Ontario.

#### Empire Day.

#### PRIZE ESSAY.—CLASS II.

Since our late Queen Victoria has been laid in her royal grave, we call the 24th of May "Empire Day." This day will stand as a memorial of our Queen forever.

As May is coming, with its flowers and foliage, it is time to think of planning how to spend Empire Day; I was intending to have a jolly day, as it is a patriotic holiday.

My sister Margaret and I always trim the veranda with bunting and flags, then hang up Chinese lanterns. Some of our city friends are always present on Empire Day. In our village, we always celebrate the great day widely known as the noble Queen Victoria's birthday.

In the morning, we go to the village, where we have races—there are races for girls, boys and old men—and different kinds of jumping. Then my friends and I go home and get our dinner. After dinner we went to the ball grounds to watch the ball match between Glanford Station and Mount Hope; Mount Hope was winner of the day. As soon as the game was over, we went to the village and bought fireworks, consisting of rockets, pinwheels, and bunches of fire-crackers.

When we reached home, we talked about our beloved Queen, and by that time tea was ready. The dining-room was decorated with flags and red, white and blue bunting. The table was under a canopy of wild flowers; they seemed more like nature than the grand hot-house roses.

After tea was over, we went out on the decorated veranda and talked till nearly dark. Then there was a hustle and excitement to get our fireworks ready for the great celebration of Empire Evening.

We all went out on the large grassy lawn and formed a circle. In the middle of the circle was the fire man, who lit the fireworks. Then we thought it time to go in and have some music: Margaret played the piano, and my city cousin, Althea, played the violin; my other cousin, Hugh, played the mouthorgan. We danced around the Maypole. After

this we went out and played hide-and-go-seek, and yard-in and yard-out. After getting tired of these games, we went back to the fireworks. Soon as we shot off the final cannon, we all sang, "The Maple Leaf Forever." Then retired and went to sleep to dream of the jolly time we had on Empire Day.

GLADYS C. WEBBER (aged 12 years).  
Glanford P. O., Ontario, Canada.

#### Empire Day on a Farm.

#### PRIZE ESSAY.—CLASS III.

"Mamma, how shall we spend Empire Day this year?" asked a bright little girl, of nine years. "You know our cousins, Horace and Elsie, are coming to spend the day with us, and I want to make it as pleasant as possible." "Yes, Eva, I know, and I will be thinking about it this afternoon; now I will make the candy for to-morrow," her mother replied.

Early next morning the guests arrived full of fun. "Oh, I'm so glad you came early," cried Eva, as her cousins jumped down from the carriage. "What shall we play?" "Hide-and-seek," exclaimed Elsie. "Oh, yes, do play that!" came in chorus from the others. When they were tired of this, Eva led them into the house to see her play-room. After admiring it, they all went and got ready for dinner. After dinner, they went to the wild grapevines and had a jolly romp. This was followed by a game of "tag" in the big barn. Then came tea at five o'clock. After tea everybody rested till dark. Then came the best of all, papa came out with a great surprise. All of a sudden, he lit a large piece of fireworks, and there was a beautiful picture of the Queen in all colors. This was followed by a lot of such pictures, among which were the Queen, the King, and Queen Victoria. After the fireworks had all been lit, they went into the house, and Eva's father told them why they celebrated the 24th of May was in honor of their beloved Queen Victoria, during whose reign the Empire of India had been added to the Crown, this making her both Queen and Empress, and her personal interest in the welfare of her people; that the day which has been observed for so many years as her birthday was preserved a national holiday by making it Empire Day.

Then they all joined in singing "The Maple Leaf Forever," and "God Save Our King." At nine o'clock, Uncle Will came to take Horace and Elsie home, so this ended one of the joyful Empire Days on a farm.

MYRTLE AWREY (aged 10 years).  
Hamilton, Ont.

#### Unknown Children.

I meet them in the country lane,  
In village shops and city street,  
With cheeks all glowing in the rain,  
Or voices gladdening in the sleet,  
Or eyes enraptured with the snow—  
The children I should like to know.

How fair creation is to them!  
Unweighted by the cloak of years,  
They dance upon the lustrous hem,  
And lose in rainbows all their tears.  
How easily the hearts o'erflow  
Of children we should like to know!

Their sleep is deeper than our peace,  
Their waking gladder than our dreams;  
Their guardian angels never cease  
To speak to them in winds and streams.  
The days are lifetimes, sweet and slow,  
To children we should like to know.

Oh little heart above this page,  
The road is long, the road is hard;  
But do not thou obscure in age  
That early sky so thickly starred.  
Keep sweet the faith of long ago,  
Dear child, whom I shall never know.  
—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

"I wonder why people like to wear squeaky shoes to church?" said the nervous boarder.

"Perhaps," said Asbury Peppers, "they do so to call the pastor's attention to their soles."



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